

STILL
ONLY **25¢**

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™

45
MAY 02147



MARVEL TEAM-UP

FEATURING

SPIDER-MAN

AND

KILLRAVEN



THE WAR OF THE WORLDS
HAS NEVER BEEN WILDER!



SPIDEY
BATTLES THE
MARTIANS
IN THE MOST
EARTH-SHAKING
STRUGGLE
OF ALL!

YOU'LL NEVER FORGIVE YOURSELF IF
YOU FAIL TO READ--

FUTURE-SHOCK!

Future-Shock!

"WOULD YOU TELL ME, PLEASE, WHICH WAY I OUGHT TO GO FROM HERE?"
"THAT DEPENDS A GOOD DEAL ON WHERE YOU WANT TO GET TO,"
SAID THE CAT.
"I DON'T MUCH CARE WHERE--"
SAID ALICE.
"THEN IT DOESN'T MATTER WHICH WAY YOU GO," SAID THE CAT."
--ALICE IN WONDERLAND.

SHAKE YOUR-
SELF OUT OF THIS,
LOONEY-TUNE,
PARKER!



THERE WASN'T
ANYTHING YOU
COULD'VE DONE TO
KEEP THOSE PEOPLE
FROM BEING HANGED--
HISTORY'D WRITTEN
THEM OFF LONG
AGO!

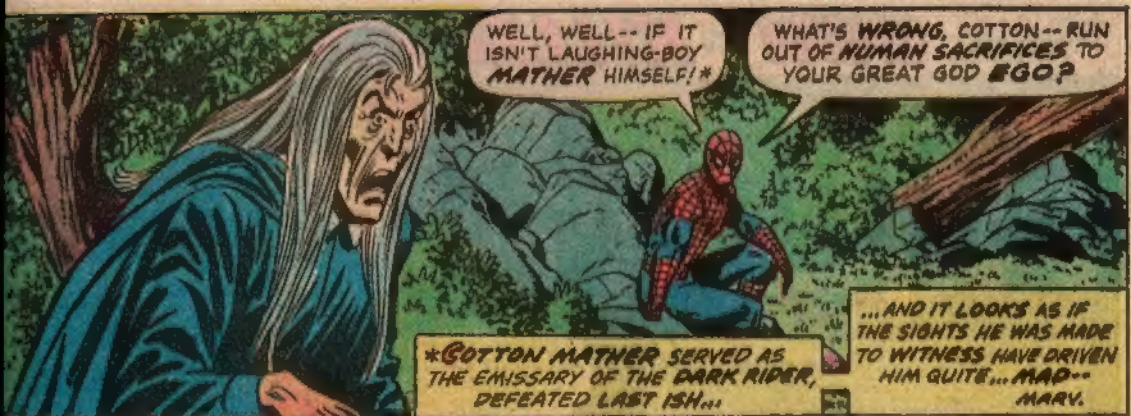
SO WHY
DOESN'T THAT
MAKE ME FEEL
ANY BETTER?

STORY:
BILL MANTLO

ART:
SAL BUSCEMA
MIKE ESPOSITO

LETTERS:
JEAN IZZO
COLORS:
GEORGE ROUSSOS
EDITOR:
MARV
WOLFGAN

*AS RECOUNTED IN THE LAST FOUR
ISSUES. SHAME ON YOU IF YOU
MISSED 'EM -- MARV.



WELL, WELL-- IF IT
ISN'T LAUGHING-BOY
MATHER HIMSELF!*

WHAT'S WRONG, COTTON-- RUN
OUT OF HUMAN SACRIFICES TO
YOUR GREAT GOD EGOP

*COTTON MATHER SERVED AS
THE EMISSARY OF THE DARK RIDER,
DEFEATED LAST ISH...

...AND IT LOOKS AS IF
THE SIGHTS HE WAS MADE
TO WITNESS HAVE DRIVEN
HIM QUITE... MAD...
MARV.



WISH I COULD FEEL
SORRY FOR YOU, MATHER,
'CAUSE FROM WHAT I
REMEMBER OF COLONNIAL
HISTORY--



-- YOU'RE GONNA
HAVE A HARD
TIME OF IT IN
THE NEXT FEW
YEARS!

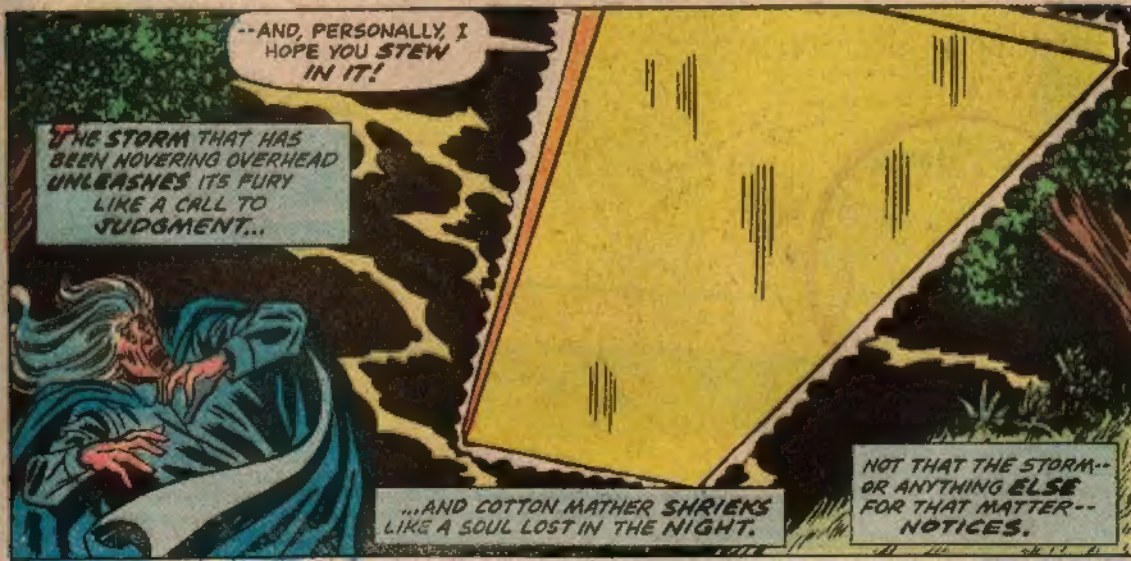
BUT THEN AGAIN--
I PROBABLY
WON'T FEEL
TOO SORRY--



-- BECAUSE EVEN THOUGH THE
RIDER SUPPLIED YOU WITH THE
MEANS TO DO WHAT YOU DID--

-- IT WAS YOU AND
YOUR CRUMMY SUPERSTITIOUS
IGNORANCE THAT SUPPLIED
THE MOTIVATION!

TA-TAA, CHUCKLES,
YOU'VE MADE YOUR
OWN HELL--



--AND, PERSONALLY, I
HOPE YOU STEW
IN IT!

THE STORM THAT HAS
BEEN HOVERING OVERHEAD
UNLEASHES ITS FURY
LIKE A CALL TO
JUDGMENT...

...AND COTTON MATHER SHRIEKS
LIKE A SOUL LOST IN THE NIGHT.

NOT THAT THE STORM--
OR ANYTHING ELSE
FOR THAT MATTER--
NOTICES.

NOR DOES IT NOTICE A GRIM FIGURE CLINGING TO A GLOWING PLATFORM AS IT BUFFETS AND TOSSES THEM BOTH LIKE A TOY BOAT ON THE OCEAN OF TIME.

MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE RETURNED WITH THE VISION--

--'CAUSE IT LOOKS LIKE I TRADED IN THE EXPRESS TRIP FOR THE LOCAL!

HUMOR.

IT NEVER QUITE SEPARATES US FROM OUR SITUATIONS.

ST ONLY MAKES THEM ACHE A LITTLE LESS.

AND SPIDEY DISCOVERS THAT TIME DOESN'T "MARCH ON"-- CONTRARY TO THE VOICE OF WALTER WINCHELL.

IT'S MORE LIKE AN ENORMOUS LOOM WHEREIN THE PAST IS DELICATELY INTERWOVEN WITH THE PRESENT.

... AND ALL EVENTS ARE INEXTRICABLY LINKED...

THAT-- THAT'S NEW YORK!

BUT SO IS THAT!!

... SO THAT WHEN SOMETHING CATASTROPHIC OCCURS...

... WE DO NOT HAVE TO LOOK TOO HARD TO FIND ITS ORIGINS IN THE PAST...

... OR IN THE FUTURE.

WHERE AM--?

UNNNHHH!

STORM MUST'VE DERAILED THE TIME PLATFORM!

BUT HAVE I OVERSHOT MY OWN TIME--

-- OR IS THIS EVEN FURTHER BACK THAN SALEM?

I'D BETTER HOP BACK ON AND TRY AGAIN BEFORE--

WHAT IN BLAZES--?!

WOO HAH! YOU SHOULDN'T ASK, SPIDEY.

YOU SHOULDN'T ASK!

THOSE
TRIPOD-
THINGIES I
SAW FROM THE
PLATFORM--

--TRYIN' TO FLASH
FRY SOME GUY HEADIN'
FULL-TILT TOWARDS
ME ON HORSEBACK--
OR WHATEVER THAT
FOUR-LEGGED
BEASTIE IS.

BOY--CAN YOU
IMAGINE WHAT JOLLY
JONAH WOULD SAY IF
HIS FAVORITE
PHOTOGRAPHER CAME
IN WITH SNAPSHOTS
OF THIS?

YEAH--HE'D
PROBABLY
SAY--

--"PARKER,
YOU'RE FIRED!"

SKREEE!

YOU STAND IN THE PATH OF
BOTH THE MARTIANS AND MYSELF,
FRIEND-- CAUGHT BEFORE THE
BLASTER AND THE BEAST!

YET, I SENSE THAT YOU'RE
A MAN BENEATH THAT COSTUME--
NOT A STINKING MARTIAN-MUTATE--
SO I'LL NOT RIDE YOU DOWN!

SKREEE!

WILL YOU STAND WITH
ME-- HELP ME TURN THE
DEVILS?

WILL YOU
FIGHT BESIDE
KILLRAVEN!!?

IT TAKES PRECISELY ONE-TENTH OF A
SECOND FOR SPIDEY TO FIGURE OUT HIS
ANSWER-- HIS EYES GOING FROM THE
FIGURE ON THE FROTHING SERPENT-
STALLION TO THE GLEAMING DEATH
MACHINE'S THAT STALK HIM...

...AND LESS THAN THAT
TIME TO ACT!



BUT NEVER LET IT BE
SAID THAT YOUR
FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD
SPIDER-MAN LET
HIMSELF BE STOPPED
BY **CONFUSION!**

I'M WITH
YOU, RED--

--EVEN THOUGH I HAVEN'T
GOT THE FOGGIEST IDEA
OF WHAT'S GOING ON!



MY **APOLOGIES** AT
NOT HAVING TIME TO
FIGURE THAT OUT,
FRIEND--

--BUT UNTIL I CAN PUT
THIS **RUIN** BETWEEN OUR-
SELVES AND THE **TRIPODS!**



STRAKKT!

WHICH
RUINS?

WELL, THEY
WERE THERE
A **MOMENT**
AGO!

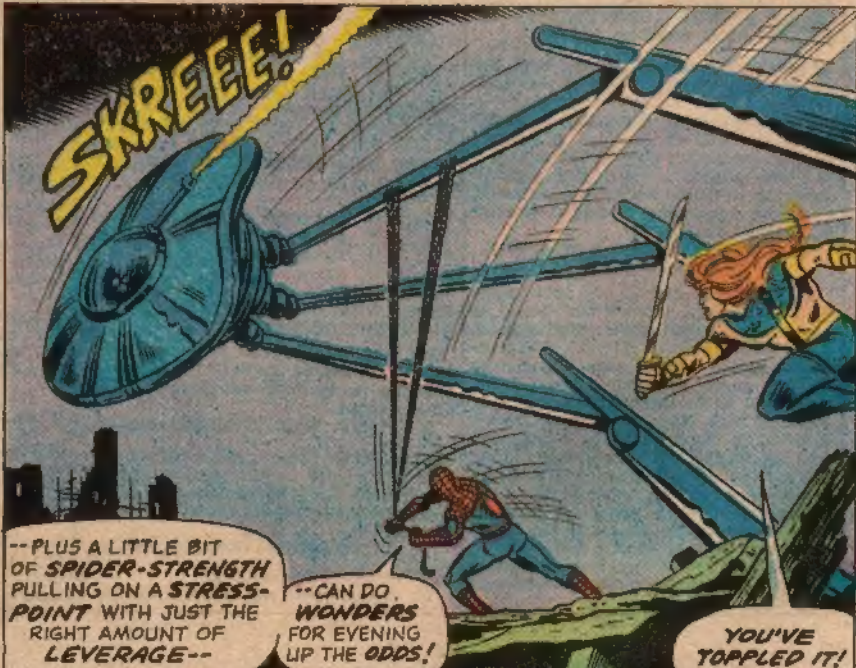


A CERTAIN
CARMILLA
FROST OFTEN SAYS
THAT I LACK
STRATEGY--BUT
I FEEL I SHOULD
SUGGEST OUR
NEXT MANUEVER--

--RUN!

HMMM, NO--I DON'T
THINK RUNNING'S
THE ANSWER--

--NOT WHEN A SQUIRT
OF **WEBBING** TO ONE
OF THAT THING'S
LIMBS--



--PLUS A LITTLE BIT
OF **SPIDER-STRENGTH**
PULLING ON A **STRESS-**
POINT WITH JUST THE
RIGHT AMOUNT OF
LEVERAGE--

--CAN DO
WONDERS
FOR EVENING
UP THE **ODDS!**

YOU'VE
TOPPLED IT!

AND NOW
IT'S MY
TURN!

I'VE HAMMERED IN
THESE PLEXIGLASS
SHIELDS BEFORE--

--ALTHOUGH IT WAS
THE HELLISH **SKAR**
WHO STARED BACK
OUT AT ME--

--NOT SOME
SNIVELING SLAVE
OF THE MARTIAN
OVERLORDS--

--RENOUNCING HIS
HUMANITY FOR THE
REWARD OF HUNTING
OTHERS MORE HUMAN
THAN HIMSELF!

NICE **SPEECH**,
RED-- BUT HE'S
STILL POINTING
HIS **FIENDISH**
THINGY ATCHA--

--SO PARDON ME IF I
INTERRUPT LONG
ENOUGH TO DIVERT
HIS ATTENTION!

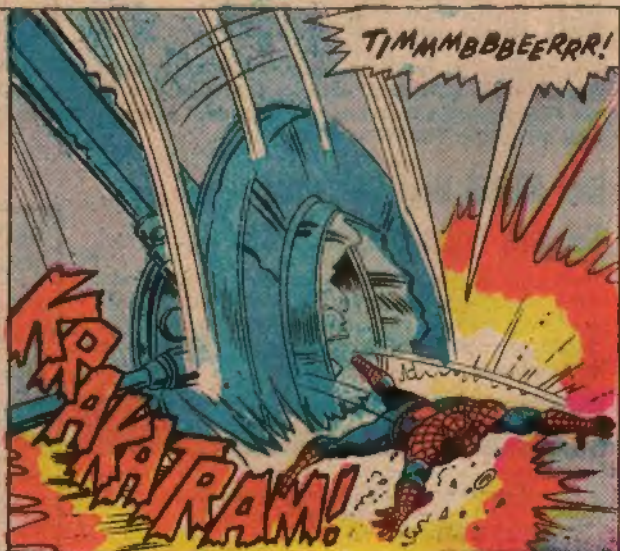
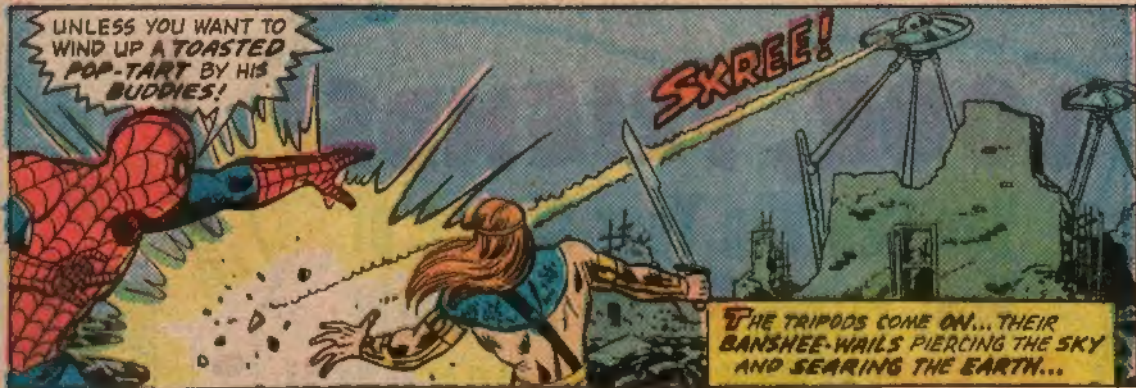
MY THANKS,
FRIEND--

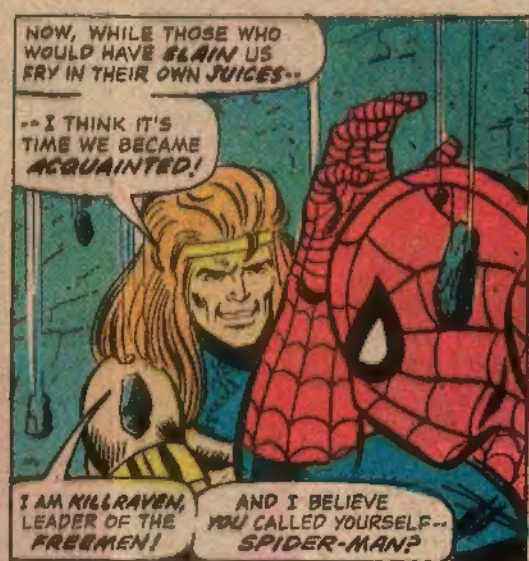
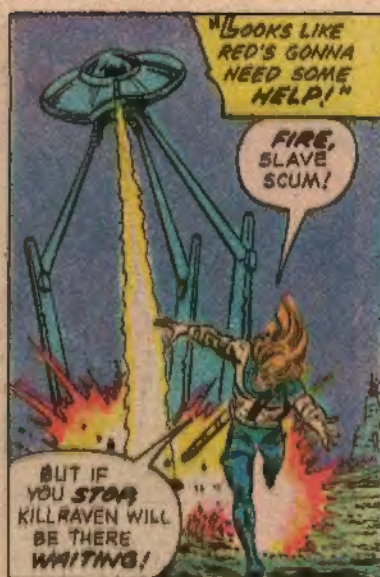
IF I HAD ANY
LINGERING **DOUBTS**
ABOUT OUR
ALLIANCE,
MY FRIEND--

--ALLOW ME TO
APOLOGIZE!

I'D SKIP IT
IF I WERE
YOU, RED--

AARRGGH!





YEAH-- ONLY I DON'T THINK
THAT MATTERS SO MUCH AS--
WHERE AM I?

AND WHEN
AM I?

YOU DON'T KNOW? NO,
I CAN SEE YOU DON'T.
THIS IS THE YEAR 2019,
FRIEND--

"--JUST EIGHTEEN YEARS
SINCE THE SECOND MARTIAN
INVASION OF EARTH!"

"UNLIKE THE
FIRST--THIS ONE
WAS A SUCCESS!"

"MANKIND WAS ALL BUT
EXTERMINATED, THOUGH
SOME OF THE YOUTH--
ONE JON RAVEN
AMONG THEM-- WERE
TAKEN CAPTIVE BY
MARTIAN-
DOMINATED
HUMAN
KEEPERS..."

"...TO BE TRAINED FOR THE
GLADIATORIAL PENS FOR
THE AMUSEMENT OF OUR
'MASTERS'. THERE JON
RAVEN BECAME KILLRAVEN."

"BUT ESCAPED... AS DID OTHERS... AND WANDERING
BANDS OF REBELLIOUS FREEMEN FORMED TO
FIGHT FOR THE LIBERATION OF EARTH..."

"...OR FOR PERSONAL
REVENGE."

"EACH HAD REASONS OF HIS OR
HER OWN... REASONS WHICH
UNITED US IN A COMMON HATRED
OF THE MARTIANS!" *

*AS CHRONICLED IN AMAZING ADV.--BEGINNING WITH ISSUE #18--MARY.

WHAT ARE YOU SAYING, MAN-- THAT
IT'S ALL GONNA END? THAT NOTHING
WE DO MATTERS BECAUSE IN THIRTY
YEARS TIME THE MARTIANS ARE
GONNA GRIND IT ALL INTO PASTE--?

THAT ME, THE PEOPLE I
LOVE, MY WORLD--NONE
OF IT'S WORTH BEANS?!

YOU ASK QUESTIONS I CANNOT
ANSWER, SPIDER MAN... INDEED,
WHO CAN SAY THERE IS AN
ANSWER...

I MOURN A LOST PAST,
YOU A SHATTERED FUTURE,
NEITHER OF US REALLY
KNOWING IF ONE RELATES
TO THE OTHER.

I ONLY KNOW THAT NOTHING IS
CERTAIN, MY FRIEND-- NOT PAST,
NOT FUTURE-- AND IF LIFE DOES
HAVE ANY POINT AT ALL, IT IS
BOUND UP BY THE LIVING OF IT...

THEN WHAT IN
HEAVEN'S NAME IS
THE POINT OF LIVING?
OF CARING? OF
ANYTHING?!

MEMORY CLOUDS THE PRESENT... A DESPERATE NOW
IN WHICH DANGER LURKS IN EVERY SHADOW...

...AND THOUGH
WARNING DOES
COME OF IT...

...IT COMES
TOO LATE.

WAIT! MY
SPIDER SENSE
TINGLING--!

WHAT IS IT,
SPIDER-MAN?
WHAT'S--

WHIRRRRR!

--WRONG??

GRAPPLES SNAKE OUT ON
TENSILE-STEEL CABLES,
WHIRLING AND WRAPPING
THEMSELVES LIKE SERPENTS
ABOUT THEIR NECKS...

...AND A STUD IS PRESSED,
RELEASING GAS FROM
CANISTERS THE MASKED FIGURES
WEAR AT THEIR BACKS...

...GAS WHICH IS INESCAPABLE...
ALL-PERVASIVE...

NO TIME
TO HOLD MY
BREATH--!

...AND, IN THE END,
OVERPOWERING.

THE
GAS HAS
SUBDUED
THEM!

WE HAVE
CAPTURED THE
GREAT KILLRAVEN--
AND ANOTHER OF
HIS ACCURSED
FREE HUMANS!

WE WILL RANK HIGH
IN THE EYES OF THE
OVERLORDS!

BUT, CLOSED WITHIN
THEMSELVES...

COLD! THE STARS
CIRCLE ABOUT ME
AS IF I COULD
REACH OUT AND
TOUCH THEM!

...BOTH THE SUPER-HERO FROM THE PRESENT AND
THE WARRIOR FROM THE FUTURE DRIFT... CAUGHT
IN THE THROES OF A DEADLY DOUBLE DREAM.

EYES--
STARING
AT ME!

AND THE FACT THAT THEY
ATTEMPT TO FIGHT THE
DREAM DOES NOT MAKE
ITS EFFECT ANY EASIER
ON THEM.

FAMILIAR EYES!
I SHOULD KNOW
THEM! BUT WHO!

I'M DROPPING
ONTO SOME
AMORPHOUS
YIELDING
SURFACE!

AND I'LL WAGER
IT'S A SOFTNESS
THAT HIDES
DANGER!

A SOFTNESS
WITHIN THIS
PLACE--

I FREAKIN'
DON'T BELIEVE
IT!

THE EYES PULL A FADE-
OUT--AND I PLOP DOWN
ONTO A GIANT
SPIDER-WEB!

--OR WITHIN
MYSELF!

STICK WITH
THE SECOND
GUESS, RED!

VOLCANIA
ASH!??

BUT YOU'RE WITH
ADAM AND EVE
SEARCHING FOR
YOUR SISTER! *

*AMAZING ADVENTURES
#31-- MARV.

YECCH! I WONDER
IF THIS IS SOME-
BODY'S IDEA OF
A JOKE?

OR MAYBE IT'S
MY OWN
IDEA!

JUST GOES TO SHOW WHAT
KIND OF NIGHTMARES
YOU'VE GOT FLOATIN' AROUND
INSIDE OF YOU, WALL-CRAWLER!

HOW COULD I BE WITH
THEM WHEN I'M
OBVIOUSLY HERE, RED?

I MEAN... YOU
ARE IN TROUBLE,
AREN'T YOU?

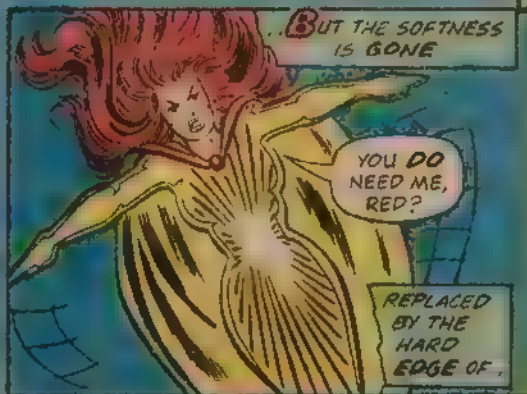
YOU DO NEED
ME, DON'T YOU?

WITHOUT WORDS,
HE REACHES FOR
THE SOFTNESS...

I WOULDN'T WORRY
TOO MUCH ABOUT IT,
PARKER--

--BECAUSE THIS
NIGHTMARE IS
GOING TO BE
YOUR LAST!

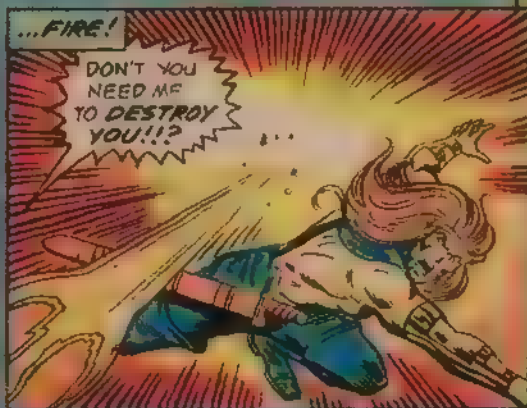
THAT VOICE!
I KNOW THAT
VOICE!



...BUT THE SOFTNESS
IS GONE

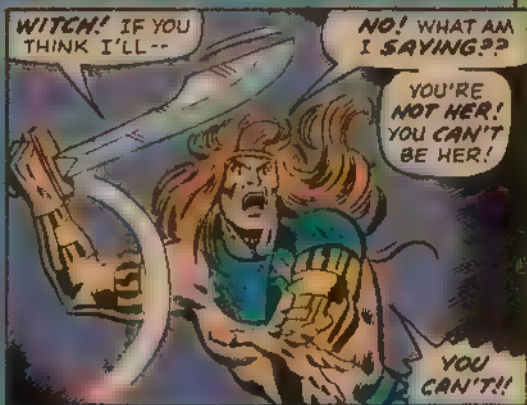
YOU DO
NEED ME,
RED?

REPLACED
BY THE
HARD
EDGE OF



...FIRE!

DON'T YOU
NEED ME
TO DESTROY
YOU!!?

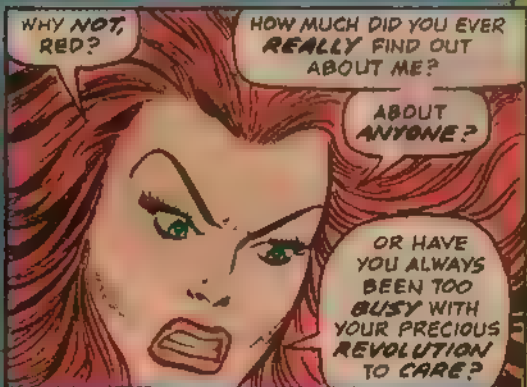


WITCH! IF YOU
THINK I'LL--

NO! WHAT AM
I SAYING??

YOU'RE
NOT HER!
YOU CAN'T
BE HER!

YOU
CAN'T!!

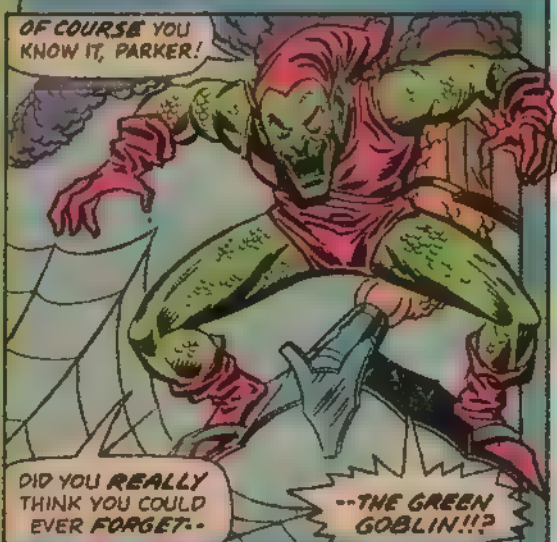


WHY NOT,
RED?

HOW MUCH DID YOU EVER
REALLY FIND OUT
ABOUT ME?

ABOUT
ANYONE?

OR HAVE
YOU ALWAYS
BEEN TOO
BUSY WITH
YOUR PRECIOUS
REVOLUTION
TO CARE?



OF COURSE YOU
KNOW IT, PARKER!

DID YOU REALLY
THINK YOU COULD
EVER FORGET--

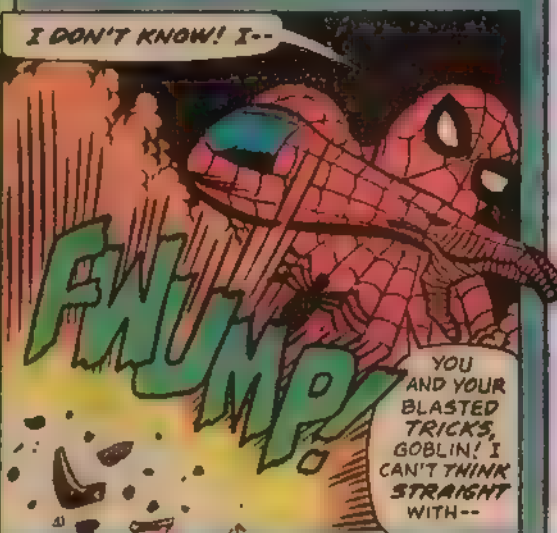
--THE GREEN
GOBLIN!!?



NO! NORMAN OSBORN
IS DEAD! HIS SON
HARRY IS CURED!

YOU CAN'T BE
EITHER OF
THEM!

NO? WHO AM
I THEN?



I DON'T KNOW! I--

FWUMP!

YOU
AND YOUR
BLASTED
TRICKS,
GOBLIN! I
CAN'T THINK
STRAIGHT
WITH--

LIAR!!

YOU'RE THAT SURE,
ARE YOU RED--

-- THAT YOU'LL
LET FLY WITH
YOUR SWORD--

-- SENDING IT AT ONE
YOU... WELL LOVE
IS SUCH AN
AWKWARD WORD--
LET'S SAY...
ADMIRE?

THE REAL VOLCANA
IS AS COMMITTED
TO OVERTHROWING
THE MARTIANS AS I AM!

YOU'RE THAT
FREE OF DOUBT,
RED?

YES! THERE ARE THINGS
ON WHICH I'D STAKE MY
**LIFE! FREEDOM, FOR
INSTANCE... AND HUMANITY--**

-- AND THE BELIEF
THAT YOU ARE NOT
VOLCANA!

STRAIGHT?

C'MERE,
GOBBY-- I
JUST
FIGURED
YOU
OUT!

NO! WHAT
ARE YOU--?

JUST PROVING
THAT YOU'RE NOT
THE **REAL**
GOBLIN!

MAYBE THAT YOU'RE
NOT "**REAL**" AT
ALL!

GO AHEAD
THEN, WALL
CRAWLER! TAKE
OFF MY MASK!

AND I HOPE THE
TRUTH KILLS YOU!

THE SWORD
BITES DEEP.

HE HEARS
IT BITING.



RED...?

AND HE HEARS
HER BEGIN TO
SCREAM...

...A LONG, DRAWN-
OUT BANSHEE
WAIL THAT HE'S
HEARD SO MANY
TIMES BEFORE...



OH... MY...
GOD.

IS SOMETHING WRONG,
PETER? DIDN'T YOU
SUSPECT?



AFTER ALL, HASN'T
EVERYONE YOU'VE
EVER KNOWN TURNED
AGAINST YOU AT ONE
TIME OR ANOTHER?

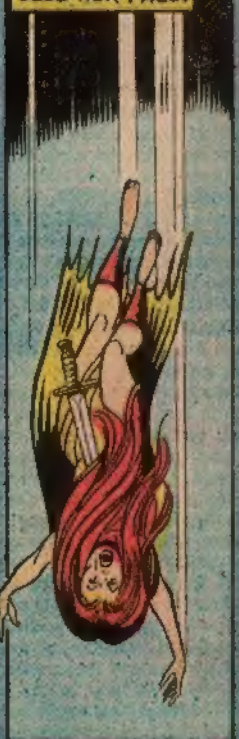
YOUR UNCLE
BEN-- YOUR
PARENTS-- BETTY
BRANT-- HARRY--
MR. OSBORN--
GWEN--

--ME?

WHAT'S THE
MATTER, PETER?
DON'T YOU
EXPECT IT
BY NOW?



... AND HE
SEES HER FALL.



FOR A MOMENT THE
DOUBT RETURNS.

VOLCANA...?



BUT ONLY FOR
A MOMENT.

NO! YOU'RE NOT
MARY JANE!

YOU'RE
SOMETHING
INSIDE OF ME!



SOMETHING I'VE
HELD DOWN
SINCE THE DAY I
STOOD BY AND
LET UNCLE BEN
GET MURDERED.





AS I ONCE TOLD SKAR--
MY CAUSE IS **JUST**--

--AND IT IS **BELIEF**
IN IT THAT **SUSTAINS** ME!



YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A
STINKING, LINGERING
DOUBT--

--AND I'VE COME
TOO FAR TO PAY ANY
ATTENTION TO THAT
PART OF MY **PAST**!



THE NIGHTMARE
IS... **OVER**.

YOURS TOO,
HUH?

MUST'VE BEEN THE
GAS THAT THEY SPRAYED
AT US... SOME KIND OF
HALLUCINOGEN!

BUT WHAT THEY
DIDN'T **COUNT ON**
WAS-- THAT WHILE WE
WERE **FIGHTING**
OURSELVES--

--WE'D ALSO
BE CAPABLE OF
FIGHTING
THEM!



WE BEAT
THEM IN OUR
SLEEP!



AND THE SWORD THAT
WAS MEANT FOR
VOLCANA--

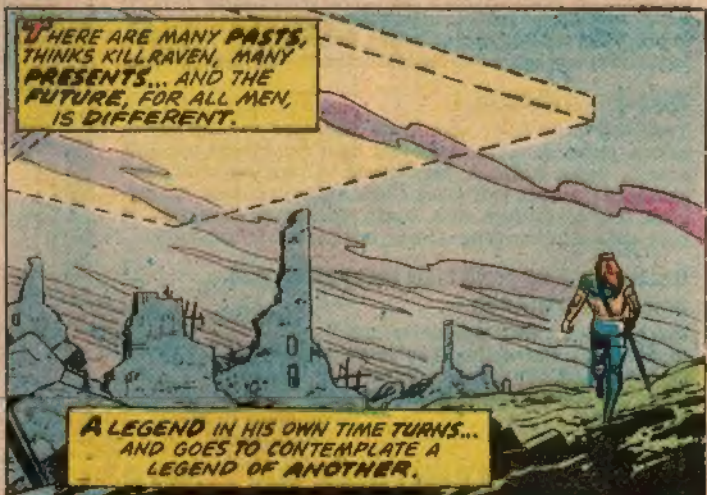
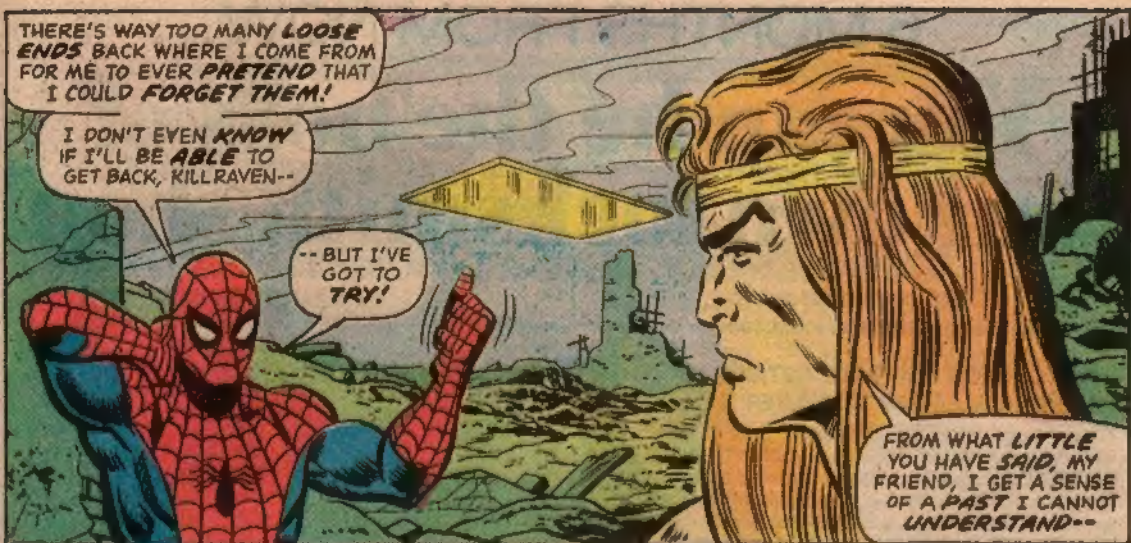
--LIES HERE
IN THE CORPSE
OF MY **TRUE**
ENEMY!



WE HAVE FOUGHT **WELL**
TOGETHER, SPIDER-MAN!

THERE'S A **WAR** HERE,
AS YOU HAVE **SEEN**.
MY **FREEMEN** WOULD
WELCOME YOU.

THANKS,
RED-- BUT
NO THANKS.



NEXT: DEATHLOK, THE DEMOLISHER!